ONE ENCHANTED NIGHT

Helandri

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One Enchanted Night

By Helandri

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Chapter 1

One Enchanted Night - Prologue,Chapter1&Chapte

Prologue

1795

Moving down the street with purpose, Genevieve looked around her. It was moving onto dusk and Mama said to just go to Mrs Weatherly, give her the soup that Cook made and then return home.

She suddenly realised that for so early in the evening the street were almost deserted.

She felt a bit scared, because she had heard of the spate of killings that happens just after dusk.

Nobody knows what murdered these people. It looked like some wild animal mauled them. You would think that in 1795 civilization would have scared off most of the wild animals and yet there were these unexplained killings.

She was almost home, only 500 meters, but she still had to pass the piece of veld between their house and the neighbour's house. Now almost completely dark she stopped, hearing something moving in the veld beside her house.

She was half way across the pathway.

Picking up the ruffles of her long dress, she started running. She knew that a lady shouldn't run and definitely should not pick her dress up and show her ankles to the world, but in a flight of panic that was the last thing she was worried about.

Running and feeling the wind in her golden brown hair, which has come undone from the bun on her head. The only thought in her mind was that she needed to get inside their house.

She knew that she should have listened to her mother and let Fielas their stable and garden boy come with her as protection against the criminal elements, but feeling brave in the midday sunshine, she thought it unnecessary.

With a gasp she reached the front door. Knocking and hoping that Feitjie, their live in maid, was in the vicinity of the door.

"Miss Gina, why ever are you making so much noise, " said Feitjie while opening the front door.

"Oh, Feitjie, I heard something rustle in the bushes and I ran as fast as I could to reach the front door."

She sat down in the parlour on one of the extremely uncomfortable chairs.

"Miss Gina, why did you take so long? You know the rules about being home before dark and where is that Fielas, he knows that he was suppose to go with you?" exclaimed Feitjie with a very agitated voice.

"Feitjie there was almost no one on the streets, living near one of the busiest ports at the Southern tip of Africa, one should think that it would always be

bustling," said Genevieve with an expression of dread.

"Ai, Miss Gina, you heard about the killings. Last week something broke into the Du Preez families' home and the whole family was found dead."

That night going to bed was a very scary affair. She was still thinking about the rustling in the veld.

Calming down she finally fell asleep in her warm bed.

Unbeknown to her, something was indeed staring at her through the window of her ground floor bedroom.

The hunger was intense and he could not help himself. He knew that he had promised the Council that he would not touch a human while here on his mission. The pull of her blood was intense. He wanted to taste her heat.

He heard the growl behind him, turned around and realised that he had made a big mistake of getting distracted by the human inside.

Chapter 1

2009

As Genevieve, now known as Gina, looked down at the city, where her life started, she tried to remember of how it once was.

She found it hard to picture it. It was so long ago and now the City was bursting its seams with development. Only the mountain behind her was still left of Mother Nature, as she knew it in her time.

Cape Town's lights were enchanting from her vantage point on Signal Hill.

Breaking the enchantment, she rose and proceeded to her Volkswagen Golf City Sport.

With her long leather coat, flapping against her legs, skinny jeans, V-neck top and high heeled boots, she made quite an impressive picture. Her hair cut into a short pixie style was easier to manage than the long hairstyle that she had to wear for almost two centuries.

As the centuries past she had to adjust to current fashion. Being twenty-one forever wasn't easy. She had to fit in with the local young crowd wherever she called home at that moment in time. Only being able to stay for 8 years at a time, made it very hard. Looking 21 the whole time tended to make people suspicious.

The fact that she was also constantly on the run from the Council didn't make it easier.

Currently her golden brown hair was coloured blonde and she was wearing aquamarine coloured contacts. She had to constantly change her hair and eye colour to ensure that the Council couldn't track her.

The only problem she had was the fact that nothing could curb the loneliness. Not having a person to share her life and dreams with was hard on her. She yearned for a mate to hold her in the daytime while she lay sleeping. Someone to care about and who cared about her.

To think if he hadn't come into her life she would have married Francois and had lots of kids. At least she would have died thinking that she knew love.

Now she was still alive and unhappy. No vampire clan wanted her. It felt like she had the plagues and it was his entire fault. If he had just left her alone she would have been fine.

She started thinking back to that day when they met. She just turned twenty-one. Her parents were wealthy and they had connections at the castle. A ball was held at the castle in honour of her birthday.

Her parents were also hoping to find her a prospective husband at the ball the ball that night. Instead they had invited dead in the form of the Le Clercq family. The Le Clercqs' had fled from France at the start of the French Revolution. As part of the aristocrats they had to get to safety. Unbeknown to the French government Monsieur Le Clercq and his family had started to take their money out of the country a few years before the Revolution started and thus he was a very rich man.

Her parents wanted her to meet the youngest two sons in the hope that she would find a future husband.

The Le Clercq family was hunted by more than just the plebs of Paris. When they invited the Le Clercq family, they also invited their enemies.

Gina could still recall her beautiful gown. It was emerald green, with little golden roses embroided on it. Feitjie had spent 8 weeks to create the dress.

Feitjie still called out the first time she saw Gina in it. "Ah Miss Genevieve, you look breathtaking. You are going to make a few men uncomfortable tonight." Gina just gave a shy smile and looked away. She didn't know much about men. There still wasn't a fluttering feeling in her stomach whenever she saw a man. The books that Feitjie lent from the study, without her father's knowledge, for her described how the heroine usually felt. She hadn't met a man yet who made her feel like that.

"Now we only need to curl your hair, Miss Genevieve." Feitjie piled her hair up high on her head with an emerald comb to secure it.

Feitjie helped her put on some of the rouge that they have 'lent' from her mother's dressing table. The red of the rouge against her porcelain skin was breathtaking. She almost didn't recognise herself in the mirror.

That night at the ball she indeed got lots of stares from all the males. Her stomach still didn't give any butterfly wings flutters.

She felt disappointed. She didn't want to become a spinster. She wanted a husband and six children, a husband who would love and cherish her, someone who would hold her and kiss her.

At twenty-one she had never kissed a man and she had never done any of the things that they had described in the steamy romance novels which she wasn't suppose to read. Her parents had watched over her like a hawk.

At a quarter to ten, somebody came in at the door. The hall fell silent and all eyes were on the stranger. She had never seen any man this beautiful, the butterflies in her stomach started fluttering. He was breathtaking in his formal wear. He stood a head

above all the other men at the ball. With shiny long blonde hair, a strong chiselled face, piercing green eyes and muscles to die for this man was gorgeous with a capital g.

He oozed that x-factor that made women pant and men want to grab their swords to keep him away from their women.

The women were panting at that moment and the men gave him menacing stares that if looks could kill he would be dead.

He gave a big smile to everyone and showed of his brilliant white teeth. His eyes scoped the room and then it rested on her.

Her heart started pounding in her ears, as he started moving towards her. When he reached her he just said, " Good evening, you must be Miss Genevieve the birthday girl."

She held up her hand and he kissed it. When his lips touched her hand, she shivered. He looked at her with those beautiful eyes.

"I am Stephan, I come from far to give you this gift."

He took a small box out of his pocket and gave it to her. She opened the ornately crafted wooden box. Inside on purple velvet there laid a beautiful emerald ring and earrings. The stones were the same colour as his eyes.

"Stephan this is beautiful, but I cannot accept this, I don't even know you."

He bent over and whispered in her ear before all the people. They were getting odd stares as all the people in the room were watching.

"You do know me Genevieve. I visit you in your dreams quite often. I don't usually meddle in human business, but for you I will definitely make an exception." He winked and then walked over to her parents.

"Monsieur and Madame Gervaise, I have heard about your daughter in the far away kingdom that I live. May I ask your daughter's hand in marriage, that is if she will oblige?"

If this weren't such an unexpected situation, Genevieve would have laughed at the expression of shock on her mother and father's face.

Genevieve was strong willed and stubborn. She was not going to marry a complete stranger just because he said that he knew her. She walked over to where her parents were standing.

"I am over twenty-one and within right to say to whom I want be betrothed. I am sorry Stephan, I don't know you and it is my policy not to get married to a complete stranger."

Her mother gave her a look that said that this is a good time to keep her mouth shut. Nobody knew about the freedom of speech that her family gave her. In this time a woman had no say and it was the head of the house that made all the decisions.

Her father silenced her with the look that he gave her.

She had a sinking feeling that her parents were desperate to find her a husband. Girls at her age were already married and had two children.

A lady was given away by her parents between the ages of seventeen and nineteen to be married.

Her parents even found her a schoolmaster willing to teach a lady and she had schooling that a lady usually didn't receive in this day and age.

Her father turned to Stephan.

"If you have good intentions with my daughter I will oblige to your request, but only if Genevieve is willing to be your wife."

It was very silent in the ballroom. You would be able to hear a pin drop.

Suddenly the chatter broke out again. This had never happened before. If a suitor had enough money and status her parent would give the bride away easily for a big enough heirloom.

Genevieve smiled at her father with gratitude. He didn't just give her away. He gave her a choice.

"Well Stephan, I give you a week to show me if you are fit for my daughter and if she still doesn't want you, you have to leave her in peace."

Stephan looked shocked as if he couldn't believe that anyone would not take his offer immediately.

Genevieve gave him a satisfied smile. She knew she had him in a corner. Who was he to think that she would just jump into his arms? She was nobody's lap dog.

Shaking her head to dispel the memories she drove the remainder of the 20 minutes to her home in the northern suburbs via the N1. Staying so close to the mother city had its advantages. Numerous big shopping centres are open till late.

She enjoyed the monies that she had accumulated over the span of 200 years.

It helped her buy the numerous properties, under aliases, in a few select countries.

A favourite being the Welgemoed property she currently stayed at. With only a few minutes drive from the Nature reserve and no nosy neighbours it was heaven. Maybe she'll stay longer than 8 years this time.

Entering her long drive, she pressed the remote hidden under the main console of the car and opened one of the four garage doors.

She parked beside her other 3 less inconspicuous vehicles. That is if you can call her black Z 4 BMW, black Porsche 911 and black MG TF160 inconspicuous.

"Aye, Miss Gina, you didn't warn me that you were going out," her Butler James said from out of the doorway, which led from the garage to the kitchen.

"Oh, James you know I move during the night and sleep during the day, because of my skin condition."

"But Miss, you usually leave a note. I worry, if I don't know where you are. Your parents entrusted you to my care. I was drafted to look after you."

James didn't know that her parents weren't alive anymore. She had to go to the immortal attorneys often to give them instructions regarding James. The immortal attorneys catered to all of the immortal community. Every eight to ten years they would find her a new housekeeper. Somebody who could look

after her needs in the daytime due to the fact that she couldn't join the other vampire clans. As an outcast she was very susceptible to harm. They were all jealous and afraid of her. Once again she could lie this all in front of his door. Oh he would regret it if she ever saw him again.

Living on your own is nearly impossible when you are allergic to sunlight.

Someone could for instance open up your bedroom curtains by accident.

Which could leave a very nasty spot on the bed linen.

"James, did they deliver my medicine?"

"Yes Miss Gina. It is in the freezer down in the pantry as per the instructions on the box." James gave his curtly nod turned around and left the room.

Gina smiled to herself and thought that James must have turned heads at thirty, because at seventy he was still a very handsome man with his grey hair and gentlemanly mannerisms.

She walked over to the computer console; of which there was one in each room that connected to the main computer server located in the basement, and opened up the keyboard.

This computer controlled everything in the house, from the lights to the TV's etc.

She used it to locate James where he was in the parlour. He was dusting an invisible speck off a mirror. She pressed the buttons to activate the mike.

"James, I am going to retire to bed now. You may go to your cottage. See you tomorrow."

"Aye, Miss Gina see you tomorrow." With that James took out his computerised keys and left the house to retire to his cottage in the mansion grounds.

She activated the computer's alarm system from the kitchen console and made her way to the pantry's door that was just across the kitchen.

She took out the box marked with a hospital cross and walked over to the microwave. While popping a blood bag in the microwave she started making herself some hot chocolate.

Luckily she could warrant the use of blood as part of the ailment which she suffered from. A daily delivery from the blood bank was nothing new to James.

It's a pity that she will have to let him go in five year's time, because that's when they usually start to realise that she was not aging.

A long night of research lay before her. She still needed to find the high lord/lady of the Council. Time was growing short. She had to reach him/her before her 250th birthday, otherwise she would be considered a renegade and open hunting for all the other of her kind.

The only ones that have found her in the past 200 years have stumbled upon her by pure accident. One of these creatures has notified the council of her existence and since then the council destroyers were after her.

They were under the impression that she was some kind of killing machine. In actual fact she hadn't had to drink blood from anyone since the invention of blood banks.

She considered herself a civilised sort of monster, with the attitude of, you don't bite me and I won't bite you, but if you do, I will bite back.

Collecting a glass cup from the cupboard she went over to the microwave and poured out the blood into the cup. Taking both her hot chocolate and the blood she made her way into the hall and up the stairs to where her room was located down the hall.

Being over a hundred years old, she only needed the one cup of blood a day to survive, the only times she had needed more, was when she was hurt pretty badly.

Entering her room she put her cups down on the bedside table. The room was decorated in a modern fashion with only the necessary furniture.

She picked up her cordless keyboard and pressed the on button. Across the room on the wall across from the bed, the walls opened up, to show the hidden LCD monitor, which almost covered the whole wall.

She started searching the websites again. The rumour that was going around under the

supernaturals was that the high lord/lady's location was hidden, because if something happened to him/her the Council will be in discord, which could distort the balance of power within the supernatural community.

She had also heard from a drunk werewolf at a club the other night that the Council had started up a website a few months ago. This website could give her the information she was seeking, that is if she could find it.

The communities of vampires that were accepted by the Council only knew the name.

If you didn't receive acceptance from the Council you were considered a rabid renegade and put down by the destroyers, which were the Councils so-called police.

These high trained assassins were highly skilled in combat and a couple of hundred years old. You don't mess with them if you want to see the next night.

For the last hundred years she had been trying to make contact with the Council through these accepted communities.

Each and every community has turned her away with the promise of violence should she ever try to contact them again.

A rumour had been going around that something with the same description as her has been terrorising the supernaturals.

They weren't sure of what species this thing was, but even the vampires were scared of it and ready to annihilate her on site. Only promises of never returning had saved her and on one occasion she even had to show her fighting skills. Luckily the other party didn't survive the fight otherwise they would have followed her and exacted their revenge on her not to mention the fact that they would have notified the Council of her skill.

With a sigh she switched the computer to her music files and put it on a low volume, that was incomprehensible to the human ear

She loved her mix of modern pop music with a hint of rock and techno. While the Black Eyed Peas were singing "Boom Boom Pow", she took of her clothes and dressed in her silky negligee.

She fell into bed and almost immediately fell asleep.

Chapter 2

With a jolt Gina woke up. What was that sound? Suddenly realising that the sound she was hearing was James buzzing her over the intercom.

"Miss Gina, Miss Gina are you awake?"

Leaning over she pressed the button on her cordless keyboard.

"Yes, James I am awake now. What ever is the matter that you would wake me in the middle of the day?"

"Miss Gina, there is a gentleman at the front gate that insists that he knows you. He has promised me that he will, excuse my French, whip my ass all the way to Jo-burg, if I don't open this gate."

This jolted one of Gina's memories. It made her think of his first visit after the ball.

The sun was shining through Gevevieve's bedroom window when Feitjie shook her awake the morning after the ball.

"Oh Miss Genevieve, he is here, he is waiting in the parlour. He is very handsome. We should dress you in that new royal blue gown that your mother ordered from Paris. Oh you'll look beautiful."

Genevieve grumbled, "Oh Feitjie, leave me alone. I want to sleep. Tell him to go fly a kite."

In actual fact Genevieve felt excitement bubbling through her veins, but she didn't want Feitjie to know that. She was still angry with him, because he hadn't even asked her first; he just went straight to her parents.

She will let him suffer for a few days, but in her bones, she felt that he could be the one that she had been waiting for. She will tell her father in six days time that she will marry him if this feeling she felt was indeed love.

She forced her mind back to the present. She was getting old now; her memories didn't want to stay in place.

"Oh, James it's Chris, a friend I met the other night, you can let him in."

"The monstrosity with him as well, Miss Gina?"

With a smile Gina thought of Rocky, Chris's Labradour. "Oh don't worry James Chris insists that he is house trained and James please send them up to my games room."

She got of the bed and put on a pair of jeans with a t-shirt and her skechers. She pushed her hand through her hair and looked in the mirror to ensure that she didn't have sleep drool on her chin or anything. Satisfied she made her way to the windowless hall that let to her games room.

On entering the room she saw Chris sitting in her favourite comfy chair in the corner. She didn't like to sit in a room where she couldn't see the door or where someone could get at her back, which is why she preferred the corner.

"Hi Chris, How's it hanging?"

"A little to the left, but better now that I see that you are still okay. It is hard getting past your doorman. You should tell him that he should ease off the fake British accent, I almost couldn't understand a word he was saying."

Gina bowed over and gave him a hug while he was sitting in the chair. She then went to sit on the ground, where Rocky was lying and started scratching in the fur behind his golden neck.

Chris watched her through hooded eyes. "Scary to think that you are a fierce predator, but still Rocky likes you."

"Chris you know normal animals can feel the true nature of your soul and act accordingly."

"Hey I resent that are you calling me a animal Gina? If you want I can show you what a real animal is?" he asked with a fake leering wink and a twinkle in his eyes.

Gina picked up a pillow from the nearest chair and through it at him. "Oh Chris, grow up. I know you are still a pup with only one thing in mind, but really."

Rocky started barking and jumping around with Gina thinking that it was playtime. Gina had to rub his belly to calm him down.

"What really brought you to my door, I told you only to only come here in an emergency and to please call ahead."

"Gina it is an emergency. There is something mysterious happening to the pups in our community. They are acting strange."

"At their age, there is something strange happening, you call it hormones, which is hardly an emergency for which you need my expertise.

Chris gave an exasperated sigh. "Really Gin, do you think I would have come all this way, to risk being a happy meal for a hungry vampire, for nothing."

Gina gave him a knowing smile, thinking of the fact that werewolf blood does increase their supernatural strength ten fold.

She thought better of it to not tell him that she didn't need it. He didn't need to know yet. She didn't want to scare him away, before he knew the full truth about her.

"Oh Chrissie, I don't like the smell of wet wolf on me, you must already know that and thinking of me drinking your blood, eeww, now I need a shower by just thinking about it." She crinkled her nose while saying it.

"OK, Chris, what is happening, spill it and don't leave anything out?"

Chris moved about uncomfortably in his chair and then he leaned back in his chair.

"Well I first noticed it at this party a month ago. The College pups were messing around as usual with the heavy alcohol and party music, having a normal house party. I started seeing male pups disappearing one after the other through a door down the main passage in the house. When the last pup disappeared through the door I knew this wasn't normal behaviour with all the human college girls dancing around. The pups can't help, but listen to their

hormones. I creped down the passage to listen by the keyhole of this door. I don't like charging into anything without knowing what is going on. After hearing nothing I opened the door to see that it led off to another small dark passage. There was another door at the end. I crept to it. The door was ajar. A ray of light fell through the narrow opening."

Chris stopped to take a breath and asked: "Where the hell is that doorman with the coffee that I asked for."

"You are not going to continue unless I get the coffee?"

"Right you are Gin."

Gina got up and opened the main computer console and pressed the buzzer.

"James can you please bring two cups of the good coffee to the games room?"

"I will be right up, Miss Gina."

"Chris, really, you can be such an ass sometimes."

"Got your attention now. Have I?"

With a smile she got up and opened the door when she heard James coming down the passage with the tea trolley.

"James I meant the good coffee, not the good China." While rolling her eyes she moved out of the way so that James could come past her.

"When ever a lady serves coffee to a young gentleman, the good china must be used Miss Gina."

With a smile Gina sat down on the couch, waiting for James to serve her coffee.

She couldn't believe that James would call Chris a gentleman. With his torn jeans, ruffled long blonde hair and piercing dark blue eyes, he looked more like a ruffian/rebel than a gentleman. Chris's facial feature's looked like that of a Calvin Klein perfume model.

Most of the werewolf clan were perfect human, with the term human used loosely, specimens. They couldn't mate with each other to produce offspring. They needed to find a human mate. Finding these mates were quite daunting, with the fact that people

tended to believe the myths that if bitten by a werewolf you will become a werewolf and in actual fact you can only be born a werewolf or not.

James served them and then he left the room again.

Over the rim of his cup Chris said with a grin on his face: " You know Gin, what's really scary, is the fact that he reminds me of Alfred, the fictional character from those Batman movies, have you watched them? And where is your bat cave?"

Gina suppressed the urge to throw another pillow at Chris and rather just smiled widely, showing off her two long incisors.

Getting the message Chris shifted in his seat again.

"Well, where were we? Oh, I came up to the door. I heard a lot of people talking inside. I looked through the crack and there in the middle of the room was an exact copy of you. Too the T, she even had blonde pixie style hair and violet blue contact lenses in."

"That's reason why I almost bolted when I saw you in that club. I thought you were her."

"I didn't want to tell you at first I needed to ensure that your intentions were good and not harmful to my community."

"Do I look dangerous to you Chris?" Gina stood up gesturing to her lean frame.

"Oh Gin, you look dangerous in another sort of way." Chris winked.

"Wolf boy you better stop with the bad come-on's and quit while you still have a head."

Putting his hands in the air in an Ok I surrender kind of way, Chris just laughed.

"Now wolf boy, you better continue, what happened next?"

" Well the lady was asking the pups to join her army. I don't have a clue what army, before you even ask. Then all the pups that wanted to join had to sign a contract that she pulled out of thin air. Poof just like that." Chris made a waving motion with his one hand.

"Vampire's can't command the magic from the Neatherrealms, I especially know that, I have tried."

Damn did she ever try. Even though she is suppose to be able to, but she couldn't. She still couldn't figure out why. According to the book that she found on her travels she could after that faithful enchanting night, but still she couldn't.

"Well obviously, this lady wasn't what she pretended to be. Most of the pups weren't sober when they signed those contracts and they weren't thinking at all. She promised them untold riches and women. The stupid idiots fell for that and signed it."

"Wait Sherlock, let me guess, all the pups who signed the document are missing." Gina said it in a mock British accent while scratching here chin.

"Hey Gin, this is serious. They vanished last night without a trace from there homes. I went and sniffed around. I couldn't pick up a trace leaving the house. Meaning they just poofed out or something. I don't know."

All the playfulness vanished out of Chris's expression to be replaced by seriousness unbecoming of his years.

Chapter 2

One Enchanted Night - Chapters 3-5

Chapter 3

"Are you sure about this Chris, aren't they going to try to kill me, I do look like the Bitch lady who stole their babies."

Chris pulled Gina's arm to ensure that she keeps on walking down the passage to the room at the end. They were in the house of one of the most prominent businessmen in the Cape. Gina couldn't believe that he was a werewolf. All the antiquities in the house oozed wealth and old money.

"The elder Wolf knows the truth he's not going to eat you, I already spoke to him over the phone, that is way he called this meeting."

"That doesn't stop them from eating me."

"Oh stop it Gina, a wolf wouldn't think that you are over two hundred years old if they listened to you."

"I never walked into a wolfs den on purpose and without any sort of weapons, so sorry for being a snivelling child at the moment and I happen to like immortality."

Chris stopped in front of the door and turned to Gina. "Now compose yourself and let the ones that didn't sign the contract that night sniff you. They will be able to tell immediately that you are not the Bitch lady."

With that Chris opened the door and entered the room. Gina followed him with a predatory vigilance. Her eyes kept flicking through the room to see if there were any threats.

On looking on the people in the room, she relaxed, because on like Chris these wolfs weren't in shape.

The looked like round businessmen who enjoyed their wealth a little too much.

Chris moved to the front of the room where the elder Wolf stood. He was the only one of the older wolves who looked in shape. For his 950 years, he still looked good, like a 60-year-old human man.

He stood there with his greying hair and toned body in what looked to be a handmade suite. The suite fit his body like a glove and he looked to be quite a handsome man and there was something familiar about him that Gina could not place.

It suddenly hit her that the elder wolf could be none other than either Chris's father or his uncle. They had the same eyes and facial features.

No wonder the bugger could call him directly. Somebody wasn't telling the whole truth and it was definitely not she.

Chris stood beside the elder Wolf and gave him a nod. The elder Wolf turned to the other wolves in the room and started his speech.

"Wolves we are gathered here tonight because of an impending tragedy. Someone stole our young without the community's consent. We know this person was pretending to be a vampire, because she resembled the lady here beside me. To ensure that there will be no doubt that this lady beside me is indeed not the person to recruit the pups, the remaining pups, who attended the recruiting event that evening, to smell her."

Another door at the other side of the room opened and three wolf pups came in. They proceeded to the front of the room.

"Now pups smell Genevieve and tell me if it was indeed someone else."

The elder wolf nodded his head and the pups proceeded to start smelling her.

Gina tried to keep still while the three males smelled over almost any part of her.

She groaned inwardly, because she didn't like anyone in her personal space.

Finally they were finished and they straightened up.

The eldest of the three gave their answer.

"Elder, this person is definitely not the same woman we saw the other night. We are hundred percent certain."

Suddenly the air around them began to shimmer and they just disappeared into thin air.

Gina smiled knowingly. She didn't lead on that she knew what this was all about. They were trying to show her the clan's magic in the hope that she wouldn't think of taking them on.

The air started to shimmer again and suddenly the most beautiful blonde that Gina had ever seen appeared. She looked like some model out of the Cosmopolitan magazine, all long tanned legs and perfect symmetrical features.

"Chrissie you were suppose to meet me at Molly's where were you?"

Suddenly realising that she was in a room full of people she turned around to look.

"Oh, sorry did I interrupt something important? I teleported here, because I didn't feel any mortals in the area."

"Cassandra, didn't you get my message I told you I was going to come to a elder meeting?"

"I didn't see the voicemail sorry, I will go back to Molly's." With that she flashed out of the room again.

"Gina, that was my eldest sister Cassandra. Sorry elder Wolf, you know that I can't control that sister of mine."

"Well nephew, let us continue. Now that we have affirmation that Gina is indeed not the perpetrator. Any ideas on who to send to gather information on the whereabouts of our pups?"

A murmur went through the room. One of the older wolves Sir Brink rose and cleared his throat.

The noise immediately died down.

"Well, seeing that the perpetrator is using Miss Gina's identity, wouldn't it be best if she and young Chris went in search of the information?"

The voices started up again as they were speaking among themselves.

The elder Wolf held up his hands and they were quiet again.

"I think we should vote on the this. All in favour of Gina and Chris going on a mission to find the pups raise their hands."

The majority of the wolves raised their hands.

"Well that settles it Chris and Gina get ready, you are going hunting."

Gina looked at the elder Wolf and then at Chris and then just shook her head in defeat.

No matter what she did, she couldn't get out of this.

The person was using her identity and involving her directly to what evil they are planning.

Still she couldn't let them think that se was submissive, which could cause a threat to her in future.

"Well to tell the truth, you know it wasn't me, so I think I'll just be on my way. You wolfs are all big and strong and can handle this yourself. See you around."

Gina started to move in the direction of the door, which led to the front door.

The whole crowd started to growl and edge toward her. It was just her luck to be trapped with a bunch of supposed civilised wolves.

"OK, that went over well. Seeing as you won't let me go without me tearing out a few throats, I will do this, but on my terms not yours."

Gina looked at them with a stern stare to show them that she meant business.

Chapter 4

Afterwards while sitting in a coffee shop, in one of the bustling shopping centres near Cape Town, Gina sat and stirred her coffee.

"Oh Chris you have lovely relatives, but before you introduce us in future give me a heads up on who exactly I am going to meet. I really don't like nasty

little surprises like who your uncle is. I can get testy when my safety is jeopardised."

"I really can't help who my family is." He apologised sincerely and looked at her with puppy dog eyes.

Gina just smiled at him and asked: "Now Chris why the hell did you talk to me at that club anyway? Was it only to find out if I was the other girl or what? Or did I at least look like a nice person to talk to?"

"Well, to be honest I at first thought you were the other girl who calls herself Morgana. Obviously when I spoke to you I realised you couldn't be the same person. Number one your voice was different from hers and number two you smelled different, still magical, but a different type of magical aura than the one that surrounded her."

"After talking to you, I realised that I like your personality and I wanted to befriend you."

"Thanks a lot, that makes me feel so much better, one person less who doesn't think I am evil and trying to compile a army of supes."

Sarcasm was dripping from every word. She bent down and took a sip of her coffee. The coffee was quite nice. She must remember this place.

Chris wanted to comment, but thought better of it and took a sip from his ice coffee. Eek, he didn't like warm coffee at all, the icy broth was better.

"No what are we going to do about this little mess you got us into Chris?"

With that Gina folded her arms and looked straight at him.

Giving her a sheepish smile Chris asked: "What can we do, but start searching for a trace of the pups?"

"You know what I think? I think we should go to few of my informants who keeps tabs on who uses the portals? Do you agree?"

"As usual you are right Gin, I don't know where else we can start."

"You know what, let me pay for the coffee, then I go suite up and we get all the tools we need from my house, then we get you suited and then we start."

They got up and went to Gina's home.

"James, its me, you can let us in."

The gate opened and they rode through to the garage. Gina was in a hurry. Sunrise was only eight hours away and there were still lots to be done.

They climbed out of the car and Gina walked to the computer console in the garage and punched in her code red code. A hidden trap door opened up between the BMW and the Golf. There were steps leading down into the darkness. Gina pressed a few buttons and lights came on in the passage leading down into a longer passage.

Gina beckoned to Chris to follow her down into the passage as she started to descend the stairs.

Following the steps to the bottom they came to two doors. Gina took the left door, which led to a big basement room, which had no windows and was filled with metal cupboards and a computer desk with a lot of electronics on it.

"Meet Sparky, my first love." Gina smiled as she said this and indicated to the electronic boards on the computer desk.

She walked over to one of the metal cupboards and punched in another code on the keypad that was mounted on the cupboard frame. The electronic doors opened and there was an arsenal of knives and guns mounted on the inside of the cupboard and the cupboard doors.

Chris looked amused as he watched her take out about five knives and a small gun and the correct ammunition.

"Come on Chris, take your pick. I need to go get dressed and packed."

With that done, she turned around and left the room with her weapons in an expensive looking leather satchel.

She promptly climbed up the basement stairs and almost walked in to James at the top of the stairs.

"Now Miss Gina, you know how I feel about your renegade escapades, we talked about this."

"Don't worry James, I will only be gone a couple of weeks. You know how to keep the fort on this side, so everything will be fine."

"Just remember to not let any stranger come in and will you please bring the spare medicine box, I can't go without my medicine. I will contact you to let you know to where to courier my medicine."

"Miss Gina, I promised that I will look after you, but you make this very hard."

"Don't worry James, I am going to use the special vehicle, so if I do get stuck outdoors, that I have the shelter of the big T."

James through his hands in the air as if he tried to cast the thought of her irresponsibility off. He turned around and stomped away to probably get the medicine box and supplies ready.

With an amused smile on her lips Gina walked to her room to dress and pack a few clothes. She decided on her black leather pants and jacket, with her favourite long heeled black leather boots and a Kevlar bulletproof and knife/stake proof vest.

She started stowing away the knives, one in each boot in the special compartments that she had sewn into them and in the little pouch on her belt. The little handgun she put in a hidden pocket in the inside of her jacket with the spare ammunition.

She grabbed the leather satchel and her small tog bag and went down to find James in the kitchen.

James gave her a small cooler, which contained some food and the small medical container, which she put into the leather satchel.

"Now Miss Gina you better look after yourself. I'll see you when I see you." With that he gave her a nod and left the room.

She took out the spare remote and keys in the cupboard in the garage and went down to the basement. When she got to the bottom of the stairs, she pressed the second button on the remote and closed the electronic trapdoor at the top of the stairs. She took the left door and found Chris where he was still busy strapping on gear.

"Did you find the extra Kevlar bulletproof vest?"

"Yes as a matter of fact I did, I actually found a few, with one in my size. But what baffles me the most is the fact that you aren't as invincible as you claim to be little pampered princess."

She adjusted the strap on the leather satchel and looked up to meet his gaze.

"Didn't you think that immortality came at a price? We have weaknesses I tend to rather be safe than sorry. That is the only reason why I have survived this long on my own."

"Oh just shut up and come. We still need to visit your place. Chris picked up the cooler bag and they went to the door on the right in the little passage. This door opened up into anther room, but this one was much larger than the first and in the middle stood a brand new gleaming black bullet proof Hummer with extremely tinted windows. The number plate read Rambo1.

"Ooh, you so love your toys Gin, the bigger, the badder, the better." Like a small child he pranced around the vehicle to look at it from all sides. It looked almost like a big black tank.

"I was just wondering Gin, how the hell do you get this baby out of here."

With a mysterious smile Gina opened the doors and they loaded the luggage in.

"You will see just now my dear Chris."

They climbed in, with Gina on the driver's side.

She pressed the third button on her remote and one of the four walls slid open to reveal a tunnel wide enough for the Hummer to get through.

"Chris, you know that you were joking about a bat cave, well this is my bat cave and you are riding in my batmobile which is licensed to one of my fake company's and which is virtually untraceable to me."

"This tunnel opens up into a garage which is located beside the neighbour on the opposite side of the hill from where I stay."

"Only James and now you know about my escape route. I had it built in case the Council were to stumble onto me again."

Chris couldn't see out of the windows, but Gina had assured him earlier on that she could see perfectly through the tinted windows. The tint was strong enough to protect her from sunlight.

Chris gave directions to his place after which they headed into the dark night with purpose.

Chapter 5

They entered Khayelitsha just before three in the morning. Gina decided that they needed to visit Nkosi, her psychic sangoma friend, first.

They stopped in front of Nkosi's small one roomed municipal house.

"Are you sure we will be okay in this neighbourhood?" Chris asked with fear in his voice.

"They won't come near us. They think we are part of the Tokoloshi and they will leave us alone. Come on, I called ahead to let Nkosi know that I was on my way."

Nkosi was waiting in at the door of her house. She was dressed in a normal fashion and not in full sangoma costume. She was a small mocha coloured

lady with big soulful brown eyes and a big smile to match her big eyes.

"Hi, Genevieve." Nkosi came over and gave Gina a hug.

"Nkosi, I have missed you. I haven't had a chance to come by until tonight, a lot has happened in the mean time."

"And by the way this is my friend Chris."

"Ah, a wolf that howls to the full moon. Come through Genevieve and young wolf. We have lots to talk about."

They went inside and sat down on the karos that was thrown on the floor in the area that represented the sitting room.

"Before you start my child, I have spoken to my ancestors and they tell a tale of danger that is to pass before the next moon is full."

"Is she always such a bag of fun and laughs?" Chris whispered into Gina's ear.

Gina gave him a reproachful look and turned to speak to Nkosi.

"When did you talk to your fore fathers? Was it tonight or last night?"

"They gave me different signs from last night. The bones last night told of an unavoidable doom, but tonight they only told of a danger that lies ahead and not necessarily of doom. It all depends on what choices we make. Each time you make a different choice, your fate changes and so does the message and signs from my ancestors."

"What do you know about the activities at the portals in the last month?"

Gina looked at Nkosi for an answer to the worrying question that has been bugging her since the previous day.

"Well my child, all I can say is that they have been busy. As a watcher of portals in my area, I can tell you that lot of things have been moving between worlds. The activity increased a month or so ago. I of course have already notified the Council. They are

sending a representative within the next two days to come and investigate. I didn't want to tell you, because I don't want you to get tangled in Council business."

"Who are they sending Nkosi?"

"They are sending Jean-Claude Fourier."

Gina's face turned ashen as she realised that her past was coming to visit. Nkosi didn't know that Jean-Claude was the one that changed her and she was planning to keep it that way.

"Oh, I think you right, that the Council shouldn't know what we are up to. I was hoping that in event that we needed to travel via the portals that you must please keep it quiet."

"What are you up to Gina? I didn't know that you were suspecting foul play in the form of Neatherrealm creatures."

In actual fact Gina hadn't really thought about it, but the moment the gates between the worlds started getting busy all hell tended to break loose on earth. That was the reason why there were monitors at

each gate that opened into the Neatherrealm. Nkosi had only been the monitor for 5 years now for the gate nearby. She took over from her mother who had passed on.

Being the local sangoma wasn't always easy. People believed that there was muti for everything. They wanted muti for wealth, love and revenge. Nkosi was quite busy during the day with human clients, but at night she guarded the gate closely against non-human creatures.

"I am not up to anything. I just realised that whenever the gates are busy, I tended to have to clean up non-human messes. Can't the Neatherrealm creatures just leave us alone? I have a sneaking suspicion that the fairyfolk are the ones responsible for the current mess. To find out more I will have to cross over and turn in a favour someone owes me.

Nkosi gave me a knowing smile. "You are thinking about him again."

"No I am not. I told you that if I ever see him again it would be too soon."

Nkosi just shook her head and kept smiling.

"Genevieve, you are lying to yourself. You have missed him for two hundred years. Forgive him. He didn't know about the Council's plan, it wasn't really his fault."

Gina got a stubborn look on her face, she almost looked angry.

"I told you he didn't come. He said he would come and I was waiting for him to arrive when it happened. I will not forgive him."

Chris was following all this in stunned disbelief. Finally finding his tongue he said: "Whom the hell are you talking about? Just remember that I am still here and now very confused."

Both of the girls looked at him with smirks on their faces. "Sorry little wolf, all this happened before your time. It is up to Gina to tell you if she wants to."

"Well Chris, think of it as the ex that just doesn't go away. He can come to me any time he wants in real form or in my dreams. He has been contacting me now for two hundred years and I have been ignoring

him for just that long. The two timing bugger got what he deserved."

Gina finished with a pout and almost resembled a guppy.

"Oh, come of it little princess. Why didn't you just tell him to piss off?"

Chris couldn't believe that Gina was being this stubborn. Usually she would just have kicked the guys ass and tell him to hit the road, but Mr big X was getting royal treatment and he didn't like it one bit.

"Let's just say that I decided to keep him guessing until I needed to go to the Neatherrealms, because it is kind of dangerous on that side. He is the one who is going to give us a get out of jail free card. You owe me, I am giving up my big favour that he owes me."

"If I didn't know better, I would have said that you wanted to see the bastard again. Rather don't tell me what he did otherwise I'll have to punch him when I see him and that don't sound like such a bright idea. If he so much as messes with you again, I will tell

him that you are like my sister and he will be very sorry."

"Aaww, that is so sweet I didn't know your friendly feelings are turning brotherly, but yeah it is not a good idea to anger him."

"Just for interest sake who the hell is he exactly?" Chris looked suspiciously at Gina.

Gina tried not to look directly at Chris; he would automatically know that there was something else that she wasn't telling him.

"Well, I met him in my former human life."

"Well that is obvious, seeing that you are blaming him for you current way of life."

Gina made a mock punching gesture in his direction and continued.

"My parents gave us permission to get married and he stood me up at the alter, before everyone. He came back afterwards claiming that he couldn't help it something bad had happened. And believe it or not being the stupid young girl that I was, I believed him.

Later on I found out that he was already engaged to one of his own people. He told me it wasn't out of choice. He was trying to break off that engagement, but something stopped him. I still don't know exactly what happened, but everything changed that one cursed evening."

"Now that is all you need to know at the moment."

Gina turned to Nkosi with a serious expression.

"Enough clowning around. Nkosi you will help us open the gate?"

Nkosi looked aghast.

"Gina, you know I don't want you to go into the portals. If the wrong people get hold of you they'll kill you."

"Nkosi, I have to go. It is time I face my past, so that I can start living my future. They stole something from me and I have to get it back. You know more than anyone how much I need it. I can be normal again."

Chris just looked at her confused. What the hell was she talking about?

"Come Chris, let's go."

They got up Gina hugged Nkosi and started towards the door.

"We still have a few stops to make before sundown. We'll be back tomorrow night Nkosi."

"May the spirits keep you safe."

Gina and Chris got into the Hummer and rode out of Khayelitsha.

Chapter 3

One Enchanted Night - Chapter 6,7 & Part of Chapter 8

Chapter 6

Nkosi put on her leather jacket and picked up her helmet from under the table by the door. She had already lifted up the floorboard and extracted her special muti kit and Samourei swords.

The best sword masters taught her when she was still a little girl. All the women in her family had to carry on the legacy of protecting the portals to the Neatherrealms.

People misjudged her slight form and thought her weak. Many a big man had to eat his words after belittling her.

She knows the ways of the old magic, which she derives from her forefather spirits. Her mother taught her the ways of the portal keeper. When her mother died she had to proceed with this legacy.

Nothing has happened for many years, except that the council of vampires and magic gave her the mission to protect Genevieve from harm and to keep her away from the other vampires.

If they were to find out what she is they would try to misuse her.

Nkosi had tried hard to teach her the way of the Magi, but she didn't want to learn, she believed that she had lost all power the night they stole her human life.

She walked out the door without locking it. Which in itself was odd in South Africa, but nobody enters the home of a sangoma uninvited.

She moved to the little shack at the back of her property and extracted keys from her pocket. She put on her helmet and pushed out the black Harley motorcycle and mounted it.

She rode off and went to Somerset Mall in Somerset West. Jean Claude was meeting her at a coffee shop of all places.

Her informants told her that he had become more inept of camouflaging himself as a human.

She had to yell at him through the years to please dress according to period and not some fashion out of the 1700's.

He visited a few times without Genevieve's knowledge. Nkosi felt that it was better to keep her in the dark about certain parts of her life.

Nkosi had come to love Genevieve as a sister in the 5 years that she had to watch over her. Before her other Magi were assigned to keep watch over her, with Genevieve unaware.

The only problem was that she had to see Jean Claude again. She had to emotionally prepare herself. The last time they parted after a heated argument. Nkosi didn't want to go to Paris with him. He wanted to keep her as a life mate. In order for that to work she had to become a vampire. She couldn't bear to

lose her life force. He didn't want to live in South Africa and she wasn't willing to leave here. Africa was in her blood.

She still loved him with every fibre in her body, but she wasn't going to let him know that. She isn't some little thing that just wilts at the first sight of a man.

She stopped at the entrance and parked her bike. She went to the Mugg & Bean inside the centre.

As she entered the coffee shop, she could already feel his powerful aura emanating from him. He sat in a quite corner away from the hustle and bustle in the rest of the coffee shop. His shiny black hair was tied in a ponytail in his neck.

His delectable body was clad in black tight fitting leather from top to bottom. The tips of his black biker boots protruded from underneath the ridiculously small table.

Nkosi immediately felt out of breath, she had to stop the urge to make sure that her short curls were in place. She thought better of it and tightened her lips whilst casually strolling over to the table in the back.

The waitress tried to stop her, but she just gave the blonde bimbo a look and she backed off.

It was such a shame that such a handsome man should be a vampire. She could still feel in her mind the kisses he used to give her all over her body whilst they made love.

He had never bit her, not once, not even while they were making love.

He gave her body a once over and grinned.

"Ah my dear Nkosi, still as sexily elegant as ever, just like a pouncing tiger about to devour its pry or is it more like a lioness and I can't seem to be able to make up my mind."

"Hi Jean Claude, still as charming as ever. The waitress looks a little hungry for some Jean Claude, maybe you should give her a buzz after our meeting."

Nkosi's words oozed sarcasm.

"Oh, Nkosi jealous as always I see. Don't worry there is enough of me to go around."

"As much as I would like to continue our little conversation, we have important business to discuss."

"OK, JC what is it?"

"Hey I hate it when people call me JC."

"Too bad. You have just been demoted to JC in my eyes, until you have redeemed yourself."

"The problem is that Morgana has become a problem once again and guess who her prime target is?"

Nkosi closed her eyes and gave a sigh.

"I really hoped that if she left Stephan alone, Morgana would leave Genevieve alone. You know that my powers even at their height can't do much against her."

Stephan bent over the small table leaning closer to Nkosi. He had to keep himself from closing his eyes and inhaling her heavenly scent. At the thought his fangs began to extract.

Putting his hand over his lips to cover his little problem he started talking again.

"Well you do know you'll have to go on a little road trip now?"

"Oh don't tell me the good news JC, you're coming with?"

"Oh you bundle of laughs, of course I must go with as representative of the council."

"Then there are a few things you have to get into your little head. Number one get out of my personal space," Nkosi pushed Jean Claude away from her with a hand against his jest.

"And number two, you listen to me, otherwise I'll make sure you get left out of the action."

"Ooh, I like you when you're angry and so feisty."

Nkosi just glared at him. The waitress came over to take their order. Nkosi ordered a filter coffee. Of course Jean Claude didn't want anything, being as old as he is - a full five hundred years - food start tasting bland. It took him five minutes to convince the waitress that he really didn't need anything.

Chapter 7

"Gina, where the hell are we?"

They stopped in front of a big ornate metal gate, behind, which loomed a very dark looking, structure.

No lights were on inside the yard.

"On the outskirts of Wynberg. This is another little house of mine. I have a whole bunch of hidey-holes scattered across the Western Cape. Like I told you I am a little paranoid."

She scuttled around in the dark in her handbag.

"Ah, here is the little remote." She extracted the little black object from her handbag and pressed a button the gate opened and lights came on all along the driveway.

The gate closed behind them. Gina pressed the same button twice and the garage door opened.

"If I may ask, why did we come to the Southern suburbs, isn't it far away from the portal."

"I'll answer your questions as soon as were settled"

Gina parked the Hummer in the modern garage. The marble tiles gleamed as they walked over it to the

connecting door. Chris opened the door and oogled the beautiful kitchen on the other side. He loved cooking and this kitchen had everything a chef in the making would ever need.

Chris couldn't believe his eyes. This house was even better than the Welgemoed house.

Gina walked over to the freezer and extracted her spare blood. She defrosted it in the microwave.

Chris went to the fridge and found it fully stocked. He gave a quizzing look to Gina.

"How does this fridge have fairly fresh food in it? Do I even want to know the answer?"

"It is for Carlos, who looks after the house for me. His orders are to keep the house fully stocked in exchange, he can take any food home older than three days."

"He only comes in every three days and according to the calendar against the fridge, he came in today, so we wont be seeing him in the next two days."

"We need a place to stay for the next four days while we make our last few stops before we jump through the portal."

Gina gulped down her warmed up blood while explaining their plans to Chris.

They needed to visit a antique store situated in Canal Walk shopping Centre the following night and make sure that the spare petrol canisters on the Hummer are full.

They are very primitive in the Neatherrealms, because they rely on magic and therefore they do not need petrol.

By the time Gina finished it was almost first light. Chris helped her up the stairs to the bedrooms above.

"My room is the one at the end. There are no windows." Chris stooped down and picked her up before she fainted from fatigue.

He carried her to the bed inside the bedroom. It was almost an identical copy of her room at her other house.

Chris waited to see that Gina fell fully asleep. He turned around and walked down the short hall and opened all the doors. After the second door he found another bedroom. He fell down on the king-size bed and immediately fell asleep.

Chapter 8

Nkosi moved around in her small home. Gina hasn't contacted her in the past two days. By now she should have run all her errands. She took her cell phone out of her pocket and checked for the twentieth time that she didn't miss a call.

Sighting no missed calls, Nkosi put the phone away again. She went to the corner picked up her swords and polished it again.

Every sound at the door made her jerk. She knew full well that it was only her imagination, because during the daytime lots of people moved past her house.

She had closed her business for the last two days in anticipation of what is to come, but nothing was happening, making her more agitated by the minute.

Thabo was suppose to come and relieve her of her watcher duties, but he hasn't arrived yet either.

It felt like the world was pulling a nasty trick on her. Making her wait for so long. Constantly being on pins and needles was no joke.

Finally there was a knock on the door. Nkosi flew up from the table, letting one of the swords fall. She hurriedly hid the swords away behind the stove in the corner.

She walked over and opened the front door. Thabo stood before her.A muscled man looking like the centrefold of a fashion magazine article on hot men. Thabo smiled and the white of his teeth were striking across his face, which was as pitch black as the night.

Nkosi still felt that there was something wrong with her. Why couldn't she lust after a proper man like him? No her body rather wanted the undead. How gross was that.

"Good day Nkosi, I came the moment I received word from Jean Claude."

"Morning Thabo, are you well and how are your family?"

Chapter 4

One Enchanted Night - Chapters 8 & 9

Chapter 8

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"Good day Nkosi, I came the moment I received word from Jean Claude."

"Morning Thabo, are you well and how are your family?"

"My wife and I have been blessed with the arrival of another daughter Nkosi, so all I can say is, that my family is well."

Thabo gave Nkosi another brilliant white smile while telling her of the birth of his fourth daughter.

Nkosi invited Thabo to sit in her "lounge" area and made them some tea, after which Nkosi gave Thabo a calculating look.

"Thabo you are holding out on me. What happened and why are you late?"

"Don't worry everything is proceeding as planned. She is still unaware of all the different players in this chess game."

"Thabo, you know that when Gina finds out, she will have your inards for dinner."

Thabo gave Nkosi a knowing smile while making a shooing gesture with his hand.

"Oh, but she will be to busy to even remember that we were a part of this plan."

"And what is it that I hear that you have to work with Jean-Claude? Why didn't they send Pierre? You don't work well with him around, Nkosi."

"I have it under control Thabo, you don't have to look after me. I know you want to be the big brother, that I didn't have, but this is something that needs to be sorted between me and Jean-Claude, it has nothing to do with you."

Thabo made a peace gesture with his hands.

"Don't worry Nkosi, it isn't necessary for you to get offensive. I am only asking. The fate of everyone rests in your hands. Never forget that."

Nkosi bowed her head so that Thabo couldn't see her eyes. She felt ashamed. She almost didn't finish the mission she was assigned.

When Jean-Claude asked her to join him in Paris, she had already started packing her bags, when the first sign started showing up.

She couldn't go. They had entrusted the care of Genevieve to her. If she didn't finish her mission Morgana would get the power and finish what she started and there will be no union with Jean-Claude, or no Jean-Claude for that matter.

How could she let the world come to an end? She had a conscience.

The sound of the little children playing soccer outside brought her back to the present.

"No Thabo, believe me I cannot forget. I am the last of my line. I must finish what I was trained for and die alone."

"What do you mean Nkosi, what have you found out, that you speak of you death?"

"In order for the magic to be released, a mortal of great natural power must die. It is said that I was raised for that honour."

Thabo kept shaking his head in disbelief.

"No, Nkosi, that can't be true. That is not what I was told, otherwise I would never have come to watch over your gate, knowing that I will replace you."

Nkosi gave him a brave smile and lifted her head in determination.

"I am ready to embrace my destiny Thabo. Please just keep the little beasts from the other side coming into our world."

"Nkosi, there is nothing I can say, but to have faith, we will see each other again. Now get finished and go meet Gina. They decided to create a diversion, by not going in at the portal everyone suspects they will use, but to use the Tyger Valley Shopping Centre portal."

Nkosi jumped up, suddenly filled with purpose she started getting ready to leave.

"Why didn't you say so? I am ready."

She gave Thabo a last smile and left her home, possibly for the last time. She will not return as

Thabo has said. Nkosi was destined to save the earth by setting the locked magic free.

She had known for a long time that this moment will arrive and she will not abandon mankind in its hour of need.

Chapter 9

"Chris, what the hells are you up to?"

Gina looked at Chris while he was making odd gestures on the gravel in the parking lot.

"Oh I am just feeling, tasting and smelling the ground for the last time before you take me into some weird unfamiliar place, I don't know if I am coming back to smell it again."

Gina rolled her eyes, "Oh Chris, get off it, of course we are coming back. I definitely don't want to stay there."

"Get up Chris, I see Henry is on his way over here, he is one of my exes, so behave."

Chris looked up and there to his astonishment in the middle of the Tygervalley roof parking in front of the

Woolworhts entrance, a Magi with a boyish face and great emanating power was making his way over to them.

"Gina, are you sure we have the right guy, he looks younger than me?'

"Yip, he is our guy. Don't be fooled by his appearance or boyish charms, because he is half elf. You know I don't like human boyfriends and he is only half human, so it doesn't count."

Henry stopped in front of them, looking like the average teenager just out of school, with his scruffy clothing and skateboard shoes.

"Hi Genevieve, who is the pup? Hopefully not my replacement?"

"Oh, don't flatter yourself Henry. We were never a real item. Take care to remember that."

Henry crossed his arms, "Well sorry I am not half fairy, but half elf?"

"What ever, we don't have time for your mood swings. Did you give the message to Thabo?"

"You know that Nkosi and Jean-Claude will be here shortly."

Gina gasped, "Jean-Claude, Nkosi promised that he wouldn't come near me."

"Well obviously you have misjudged the Magi, we follow the orders given to us by the high council and not our own personal whims."

Henry smiled his devious little smile, shaking his blonde unruly hair, so that his fringe covers his eyes, "Well, well the itty-bitty-vampire is afraid of something."

At that moment Chris picked up his head, as if listening to some sound, only he could hear. Then Gina heard it too, the distinct sound of a large motorcycle. It came up the ramp to the roof parking with a black clad figure on it.

"Ooh, I have always loved her bike." Gina said with a relieved sound in her voice.

Henry just looked at her with a mysterious look in his eyes and turned around to great Nkosi.

"Hi, Nkosi, where have you been? We have been having so much fun already, you should have come sooner."

Henry gave her a hug and stepped away.

"Thabo only gave me the message a few hours ago, otherwise I would have been here at full dark, like the rest of you."

Gina gave Nkosi a angry glare, "Why didn't you warn me that Jean-Claude was here? You know how I feel about him."

"Gina, I didn't know either, he surprised me two nights ago. I couldn't find you. I was told to wait until I heard from you and that Jean-Claude was to accompany me. I really didn't have a choice in the matter."

Nkosi looked defeated with her slumped shoulders. Gina felt sorry that she was this nasty, Nkosi was the only one that had cared about her for the last couple of years and she was her best friend.

Gina gave Nkosi a hug, "I am sorry. I am just so nervous. I don't want to go back, having Jean-Claude around will only make it worse."

"Euww, isn't that enough of the girly girl stuff, I think that Jean-Claude is on his way, I hear a Porsche coming and I think it is black."

"Wow Chris, I didn't know you could hear colour as well."

"No, I can't, but if you look that way you will see it coming." Chris turned and showed to the other side of the parking lot and indeed a black Porsche 911 was coming their way.

"He must always be flashy, when will he learn to be inconspicuous?" said Nkosi while just shaking her head.

Jean-Claude stopped beside the Hummer and the bike.

"Well Jean-Claude, you are definitely not taking that into my portal. You know the rule only one transport item may enter." Henry told Jean-Claude, before he even put his feet out of the car.

"Well, well I didn't know you were patrolling this portal little boy. You must remember to speak nicely to your elders."

"Oh please, I will acknowledge you the day you beat me at 'Need for Speed', Grandpa."

"Hey, you are not too old for a spanking." Jean-Claude advanced on Henry.

Gina stepped in front of him baring her fangs, "No, calm down we don't have time for this. Take us through the portal Henry, we don't have all night."

With a big show in movement Henry conjured a staff out of thin air. With elaborate wrist flicking motions he opened the portal at the end of the roof parking. It was wide and tall enough to accommodate the Hummer and it looked like swirling murky water.

"Henry, you are such a show off. Can't you carry your tools on you like the older Magi?"

"Just get in the Hummer Nkosi and move, I don't know how long I will be able to keep a portal, this big, open."

Everyone ran to the Hummer and got in. Gina started the engine and drove through the portal.

Chapter 5

One Enchanted Night - Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Chris felt very disorientated. After going through the murky portal they rode for about 5 minutes, or it felt like five minutes though a thick darkness towards a ray of light in the distance.

"I see a hole made of light getting brighter Gina, can you see it to?"

"Of course I can Chris, I am a vampire for that matter."

"Be still wolf, can't you feel the oppressing power and the whole tunnel is made up of it? Henry is getting

stronger each year by the feel of this portal. You better watch out for that one Gina, he could mean trouble for you."

"You worry too much Nkosi, I have been looking after myself for the last two hundred years and nothing has got me as of yet."

Personally she didn't want to be the one to take care of Henry if he does prove to be a problem in the near future. Her powers are stronger, but he could be a problem if the darkness in him persists.

Nkosi just gave a sigh; she doesn't know that the Magi have watched her for the last two hundred years. The moment they came to know of her existence a task force was assembled to protect her from harm. Nkosi had been trained for that service from very young, but she couldn't be mad at Gina, who was so completely unaware of the situation.

The light was getting very close by now and they entered another murky portal. On the other side they exited into a woodland area with trees that resembled large oaks, but the size was where the resemblance ended. The leaves on the trees were a

dark purple colour. The Hummer was standing on a wide path that looked as if wagons travelled through there, with wagon wheel tracks going every which way.

"Gina, how is the electronics?"

"Just fine Jean-Claude. I thought all electronics get busted up on this side?"

"Well I have something hidden on the Hummer that was engineered with magic to protect the Hummer from outside magic interference."

"Wow, that is so cool. Can I get one of those?"

"What ever do you need it for Chris?"

"Well I would like to use it to keep my sister from teleporting into my room at home and messing with my stuff."

"Well little wolf, with what does she mess?"

"That Nkosi, is something I would rather not share, it is something only males will understand."

Nkosi suddenly realised that Gina was stopping. Chris started opening his mouth to make a comment.

"Before you start, Chris, we need to let Nkosi send a signal, otherwise the army would probably harm us."

"How probably Gina?"

Chris looked a little white in the face.

"The odds are 99 to one. Why do you think people don't come into the Neatherrealms. The South and the North Fey are at war. If you don't send a message, the North automatically categories you as from the South Court, which is very dangerous, if in enemy territory."

"Ok, Nkosi, get out and do your mojo, we don't have all day."

"What the hell, Gina, how can you be in the daylight?"

"It's easy Chris, this sun is not like our sun and we are not cursed in this realm. As easy as that."

"And another thing, why is it day here, but night at home?"

"This place runs at its own time. It is slower than earth, which means that you take longer to age on this side, but that is if the fey will let you stay."

Nkosi got out of the Hummer. She started making her ceremonial circles and taking out the right herbs from her sangoma kit.

She spread the herbs around the circle, bent down and closed the circle. She murmured a few jumbled words. The magic built up in the circle and when Nkosi couldn't hold it anymore, she gave a yell, broke the circle with her foot and sent the magic in the direction of the fey city in the distance on the side of the mountain, which you could see from their vantage point.

"Well, if they couldn't feel the magic, the whole forest and beyond definitely heard that yell."

"Nobody asked for your opinion, Chris. Get into the Hummer, we need to go." Gina proceeded to the car and got in, with the others trailing her.

"Now is the time to go meet destiny. Hopefully he has a sense of humour."

Chapter 6

One Enchanted Night - Chapter 11

Chapter 11

"My prince, the palace guards received a spell indicating that someone from the earth realm has passed through the portals. What are we to do your majesty? Let them come to the castle gates or send in the black guard?"

Stephan looked up from where he was busy with the city budget. Even though they didn't like the earth realm people, they did have good ideas. Since implementing the right finances, his kingdom has flourished, in spite of the war.

James, his manservant bowed and delivered the news. James was tall and dark and almost identical in looks to Stephan. All the fey in his court of the North have a tendency to look like their prince, because his magic influences everything.

"Don't worry James, I was expecting them, let them through."

James couldn't believe his ears. The prince had never just let someone through, except that witch from the south court, Morgana. Everybody made as if they didn't notice, but in actual fact, everybody knew.

She, Morgana, made sure that everyone knew, without the prince's knowledge. She also knows that he will become the king the moment that he wed the woman he loves.

Morgana didn't know that everyone knew it wasn't her. It was just a lot easier to pretend, than to have her anger upon them. The prince didn't want to hear anything bad about her.

"I will do so your majesty." Stephan gave a bow to the prince and left the room.

Stephan was left staring into space. He didn't know how he was supposed to feel. He could feel Genevieve the moment they came through the portal. Nkosi's spell that came a few minutes ago, only confirmed what he already knew.

He had known for many years that this day would eventually come, but it still caused him emotional pain to think of it.

The council had given him regular updates on Genevieve, but it is still different from actually having her here.

He decided that moment that he will handle all the problems as they arise. The most important is to remind Genevieve of her real origin.

He walked over to the gilded cabinets in the corner of his study. He opened it and took out a little carved wooden box. It had a big carved heart on the front with the words 'to our daughter from her loving parents'.

He couldn't open it, only Genevieve could. He failed his mission all those years ago. He was supposed to

give her the box, but the moment he saw her he was lost. It was without her knowledge that he watched her from the veld that day. She almost caught him when he disturbed some bushes, but she ran thinking that it was an animal.

He was lost after that. She was so beautiful in her innocence, he just had to meet her and take her as his wife.

He contacted his father - who was still alive in that moment in time - and asked him to send the family jewels, that he had found the women of his dreams.

He heard of her birthday ball and he just had to go and meet her in person. That night she was breathtaking in her ball gown and the emerald jewellery were beautiful against her porcelain white skin.

Everything went well, until he heard of the werewolves in the area that were terrorising and killing people. The Council did not allow such behaviour. He also found out that they had sent Jean-Claude.

Now that was a problem in it self, because Jean-Claude was a pain in the hindquarters.

They couldn't get along, but he had to contact him, because Genevieve had come under the attention of the bloodthirsty wolves.

He could smell their scent all over the place when he went to visit her. He had a foreboding that trouble was coming. And trouble is exactly what they got.

Jean-Claude has hunted the Le Clerqs from Paris all the way to the Southern tip of Africa - to the Cape of Storms.

It was the sons that were going on rampages and killing people. They were running from the Council, thinking they were save this far away from Paris, but alas they didn't count on the fact that they were coming into territory already monitored by the Council, due to Genevieve being there.

Of course Morgana just had to cause trouble on the last night that they were suppose to meet. He was going to show her the box and explain everything to her, give her the box and ask her hand in marriage.

He had everything planned to the T. He lined up a horse and carriage, twelve red roses and a picnic basket. He put on his best clothes and was just on his way to get into the carriage when one of the palace messagenger ran to him from across the road.

"Your highness, one of the informants came back. Morgana is on her way to Genevieve's house with her dark guard. Your highness, she will kill her. That will be very bad."

Stephan gave a sigh. "Don't worry I will go stop her. Please look after Genevieve, take my carriage and go to her. Tell her that I can not make it and that I will speak to her tomorrow morning before I leave."

With that said he turned on his heel and teleported to a spot near Genevieve's home from where he could stop Morgana from getting to Genevieve.

He suddenly heard the rumbling of a carriage coming in his direction; at the same time he heard a twig snap behind him in the veld. He felt someone hit him hard on the head and then darkness descended upon him. He was careless; believing himself

invincible, nobody could possibly sneak up on him, or could they?

It cost him over two hundred years that moment of carelessness.

When he woke up it was all over. Genevieve was turned into a vampire and thus he didn't save her. She didn't want anything to do with him.

He was devastated, he stayed for three more months trying to convince her that everything will be okay and that there is a way to fix this.

She ignored him and didn't want to listen to him. It was useless; he didn't even try to tell her what her real origin was or what she could do to save herself.

It was utterly in vain. He couldn't function properly for years after that. He was sad and angry at the same time. How could she not trust him or listen to him.

He still couldn't find the messagenger who came to him that night. The Council said that they had not sent anyone to him. They weren't even aware of the fact that Morgana was in the earth realm.

About the Author

Helandri